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Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?

MILTON.

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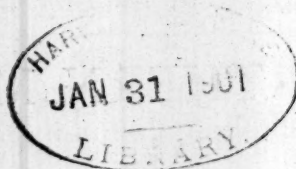
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P R E F A C E.

AMONG that variety of superstitions and mythologies which have contributed at different periods to decorate the poetry of England, it is much to be lamented that scarcely any traces are to be discovered of the splendid and sublime religion of our Northern ancestors. Mr. Gray is the only one among our more celebrated poets, who has chosen to notice the mythology of the Goths; he has touched it indeed with a masterly though sparing hand; yet even the little which he has chosen to introduce has repaid his attention, by adding a splendor as well as novelty to some of his most popular performances. It is certain however, that the most sublime features of Scandinavian superstition have hitherto been concealed in the sagas of Iceland, or have appeared only in the tragedies of Klopstock, and a few other pieces little known except among the Germans and Danes to whom they owe their existence. This being the case, I am tempted to publish the following short poems, with a view of giving some slight idea at least of the neglected beauties of the Gothic religion, and of recommending a freer introduction of its imagery into the poetry of the English nation.

To these poems a dissertation on the Northern mythology might have been prefixed with advantage, but I soon found that such a dissertation would swell to a considerable length, and would require more time and labour to effect than I could conveniently bestow: I have therefore contented myself with subjoining notes; and I trust that none have been omitted which were any way necessary for the illustration of the subject before us.

THE
DESCENT OF FREA.
A MASQUE,
IN TWO ACTS.

— κωρα δε μιν 'ην 'απολουει.

BION.

DESCENT OF FRANK

A MASSACHUSETTS

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY
JAMES
M. SMITH

INTRODUCTION.

THE gods of the Northern nations were not, like those of the Greeks, imagined to be immortal; they were exempted neither from pain nor death, and even those who escaped these evils during a series of ages, were at length to be destroyed at the last day, or, as it is styled in the Sagas, "the Twilight of the Gods:" till that time should arrive, they were supposed to dwell in Valhalla, and to enjoy in a supreme degree those luxuries and pleasures which the people who worshipped them considered as the most desirable.

Balder, the son of Odin, was highly celebrated among the gods for his exquisite beauty and consummate eloquence; his office as a deity was to guide the horse of day, called Skinfax, in his diurnal course, and he is therefore properly to be considered as the god of the sun. The death of Balder was effected by the artifices of Lok, the most malicious and baneful of the Gothic deities; Lok however dared not openly to destroy him with his own hand, but for this purpose he presented a spear of peculiar power to another of the sons of Odin, Hoder, who with this enchanted weapon unintentionally pierced his brother to the heart. After this misfortune, the soul of Balder, in conformity to the tenets of the Gothic religion, was supposed to descend to the dwelling of Hela, the goddess of the infernal realms. The grief in heaven on account of the death of Balder was extreme; Freia, the goddess of beauty, was peculiarly afflicted by the loss of her lover, and resolved to undertake a journey to the regions of death, in hopes of obtaining by her entreaties the release of Balder. This descent of Freia, and the success which attended it, are the subjects of the following Masque.

INTRODUCTION.

PERSONS OF THE MASQUE.

ODIN, God of War, and King of the other Deities.

THOR, God of the Air.

NIORD, God of the Sea.

SURTUR, God of Fire.

LOK, God of the Infernal Regions.

BALDER, God of the Sun.

HERTHA, Goddess of Fertility, and wife of Odin

FREA, Goddess of Beauty.

HELA, Goddess of Death.

T H E

DESCENT OF FREA.

ACT I.

SCENE. The Infernal Regions.

BALDER.

THOU land of horror ! where eternal Frost
Has built his icy throne, and dims the air
With ever-hissing fleet ; where fullen Night
Has spread her dingy veil, and biting blasts
Sweep o'er the solid seas and chill my frame ;
Must Balder ever pour the fruitless moan ?

Where eternal Frost.] The kingdom of Hela, or Death, is described as being in a state of continual darkness, and oppressed with a severe and perpetual winter. Noxious animals inhabited it, together with the ghosts of perjurers, assassins, and adulterers, and of all those who died not in battle, or of a violent death.

Must Balder's sighs be mock'd by shivering ghosts,
 Shrill-shrieking from their caves? Must Balder's soul
 For ever shudder at the death-owl's song,
 And shrink aghast from speckled snakes that rear
 Their venom'd jaws, and horrid hisses around?
 Bright scenes of bliss! farewell!—ye splendid domes,
 For ever echoing with the joyful noise
 Of revelry and song harmonious; happy feats
 Of happy gods, where from the gold-tipt horn
 They quaff the honied nectar of the bee,
 With rapture list'ning to the thrilling strains
 That rush on founding wings from Braga's harp,
 No more shall Balder in your shining halls
 Catch with transported soul the social joy,
 And mix exulting with celestial bands.
 No, Balder, no;—amid the giant-brood,
 Amid the yelling ghosts of murderers

Ye splendid domes.] The hall of Odin. It was built of armour. In this place the gods assembled, and amused themselves with feasting, drinking mead, and listening to music. Edda Scemundar. Grimnismal ix.

Braga's harp.] Braga was the god of music and poetry.

The giant brood.] The giants of frost were inhabitants of this dreary kingdom.

Thou dwell'st!—no more the cheering light of heav'n
 Shall meet these forrowing eyes; for here no beam
 Of morning bursts with softest lustre round,
 Nor here ambrosial eve with fragrant hand
 Scatters her sweets;—no silver-sounding voice
 Melodious warbles to my forrowing foul.—
 The footy raven sails around my head,
 And harshly chaunts his hoardest descant here.
 Thou flaming steed of day! whose golden mane
 Waves in the air, and pours a flood of light,
 Oft' have I sprung upon thy shining back
 To trace the radiant path, then mounted high
 The blue expanse of heaven, and girt with beams
 Of dazzling glory wing'd my course rejoicing.
 Alas! how chang'd! in midnight gloom enwrapt,
 The Lord of Splendor groans in Hela's halls,
 For ever banish'd from the realms of light,—
 Groves of Valhalla! from whose waving boughs

Girt with beams.] Balder wore a belt in his course round the earth which communicated light and heat to every part of it.

Groves of Valhalla.] Valhalla is the name of the Gothic heaven.

Sweet music, mix'd with Mimer's soothing murmur,
 For ever floated on the fragrant air ;
 Oft have I wander'd in thy flowery paths,
 Holding coelestial converse ; oft I've fought
 Thy stillest shades, and caught with eager ear
 The melting strains that burst from Braga's shell
 Attun'd to love ; and there the beauteous form
 Of Frea blooming as the orient day
 Would blushing meet her Balder's steps retir'd,
 Enamour'd gaze upon my godlike limbs,
 And drink the honied accents of my lips ;
 Then from her beaming eyes the glance of love
 Quick shot.—Dear scenes of fleeting joy, farewell !
 What now avails the form that Frea lov'd ?
 What now avails the eloquence that charm'd
 The list'ning gods ?—A brother's bloody hand
 Blasted my bliss, and dash'd me from the height

Mimer's soothing murmur.] The stream of Mimer ran through Valhalla ; its waters inspired the drinker with wisdom, eloquence, and a poetical spirit.

Frea.] Frea, the goddess of beauty, was the daughter of Niord, god of the sea.

Of joy to misery!—Ye hated maids!

When first ye 'gan to weave the woof of fate,

Ye scatter'd wide around the flowers of spring ;

At length the raven croak'd—with joy ye snatch'd

The cords of woe, and dipp'd the curfed web

Deep in the pitchy waters of despair.—

O thou ! who sitt'ft upon thy fhining throne

Array'd in splendor ! Odin, Odin ! hear

The forrows of a fon, and turn thine eye,

Moift with paternal grief, from fcenes of glory ;

Pierce thro' the thickeft horrors which furround me,

Extend thy daring arm, and drag thy child

From caves of darknefs to thy beamy hall.—

Father, I ask in vain—it is not thine

To break the firm decrees of Fate unchanging ;

But Balder wretched Balder here muft mourn

For endless years.—And thou, all-beauteous goddefs,

Caft from thy aching heart all fond record

Of Balder's love—What beam of living light

Ye hated maids.] The Fatal Sisters, or Nornies ; they were three in number. Urd, who prefided over the paff ; Verandi, over the prefent ; and Schulda, over the future. They were fupposed to weave for every human being a woof on which his fate depended.

Shoots trembling round ? What wafted perfume scents
 The dusky air ? Some pitying god descends
 To visit these sad scenes.—'Tis she ! 'tis she !—

FREA. (*Entering.*)

Where is the lovely god that Hoder tore
 From Frea's fond embrace?—Again I clasp him,
 Again my tear-worn eyes behold my Balder,
 Yes, son of Odin, from the starry realms
 Of bliss I come to seek thy black abode ;
 Without thee heaven itself is misery,
 And all its boasted pleasures deadly woe.
 On Odin's winged steed I sped my course,
 Nine days his rapid feet unceasing skimm'd
 A measureless extent of vallies dark ;
 At length the foaming tide of Giall stopp'd him ;
 High o'er its waves a lofty bridge arose

On Odin's winged steed.] The name of Odin's horse was Sleipner. He was supposed to have had eight feet, and was celebrated for his wonderful swiftness.

Nine days.] The particulars of this descent are chiefly taken from Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Vol. II.

Tide of Giall.] Giall was the name of the river which separated the earth from the infernal regions.

On golden pedestals, a steel-clad warrior
 For ever guards its entrance.—Who art thou,
 He cried aloud, thus hastening to the halls
 Of gloomy death? No livid paleness stains
 The roses of thy cheeks, no deadly dimness
 Damps the keen lustre of those eyes that beam
 With living fire; thou art no child of Hela.—
 Away, I answer'd, 'tis a goddess hastes
 To Hela's halls.—I lash'd my snorting steed—
 He shook with thund'ring tread the rattling pile,
 Nor stopp'd till Hela's iron gates oppos'd
 His winged steps; then, like a flaming star,
 He shot aloft in air and bore me swift
 Above the towering walls.—I tremble still,
 Tho' Balder's arms embrace me.—

BALDER.

Fear not, Frea.

FREA.

Alas! my Balder, had this arm the power

To force thee upward from the cave of death,
Then would eternal joy reward my toil.—
But Hela's iron chains no hand can break
Against her pleasure; and her gloomy foul
Joys in the anguish of the tortur'd ghost.

BALDER.

And can that winning form intreat in vain?
Can Hela hear unmov'd thy suppliant voice?
No, Freia, no—upon thy rosy lips
Persuasion sits resistless, charming all
To kind compliance.—Haste, accost the goddesses.—

FREIA.

Come from thy murky cells,
Where midnight darkness dwells,
Thou dreadful maid;
Come from thy chilly halls.—
The weeping Freia calls,
And seeks thy saving aid.

HELA. (*From within.*)

Hence, hence, away ;
 No soothing charms
 From Hela's arms
 Shall snatch her prey.

FREA.

By Allfather's sacred head,
 Which bowing shakes the lofty sky,
 And regions of the dead ;
 By the holy ash which rears
 Its waving honors high ;
 I charge thee, awful pow'r,
 To quit thy gloomy bow'r,
 And yield to Frea's tears.

Allfather's sacred head.] The Goths acknowledged a Supreme Being, whom they called Allfader, or Father of all. They did not suppose him to dwell with the rest of the gods in Valhalla, but believed him to be a deity of a superior nature, and of an eternal existence.

The holy ash which rears.] The sacred ash of an immense size which grew in Valhalla, was called Hydrasil. Seated under its shade, Odin administered justice. One of its roots pierced to the dwelling of the Fates.

HELA. (*Entering.*)

I come with iron heart,
To hear the fruitless prayer ;
Speak, and swift depart
To realms of brighter air.

FREA.

Deep in thy misty caves my Balder lies ;
Alas ! how wither'd by the touch of woe !
Dim is the lustre of his fading eyes,
And fullen sadness marks his manly brow.

Quick thro' his frame divine chill langours shoot ;
The boasted roses of his cheeks are pale ;
The winning tongue of eloquence is mute,
And rending sighs his heaving breast assail.

Come gentle Pity clad in snowy vest
And speed thy hasty flight to Hela's cave ;
Then smiling hover o'er her melting breast,
And sweetly teach her yielding heart to save.

And can'st thou, Hela, cast a ruthless look
On this sad scene of defolated charms?—

Tear the black leaf from Fate's eternal book,
And give the grief-worn Balder to my arms.

Together let us climb the burning arch,
Which darts its many-colour'd beams on high ;

Together let us speed the rapid march,
And seek the radiant palace of the sky.

Yield, Hela, yield ; Valhalla's mournful towers
No longer echo with the jocund sound,
No longer gladness gilds the passing hours,
But pale-ey'd Sorrow casts her shadows round.

Since Balder sunk untimely to the tomb,
Dim are the lingering beams of rising day,
The pale moon shrouds her silver orb in gloom
And fickle nature doffs her bright array——

The burning arch.] The Rainbow ; called by the Goths Bifrost, and supposed to burn. It was accounted the bridge from earth to heaven.

HELA.

Frea, no more,

When all the gods of nature lave

With briny tears thy Balder's grave,

Then Balder I restore ;

Yes, by Allfather's sacred head,

When all the gods of nature lave

With briny tears thy Balder's grave,

He quits the regions of the dead.

Hence, away.—

FREA.

Enough, enough, I mount with speed,

And lash my winged steed

To realms of day.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE. *Valballa.*

The Gods assembled in Odin's Hall.

ODIN.

WELCOME, fair Queen of Love, to Odin's hall.
Say, hast thou mov'd the stubborn foul of Hela,
By soft persuasion and resistless sighs,
To yield the much-lov'd Balder back to light?

FREA.

Great king of gods and men, the only boon
That Hela granted to my forrowing foul
Was this; when all the gods of nature weep
The briny tear of grief on Balder's grave,
Then from the horrid caves of night he comes

E

To grace Valhalla's halls ; but golden hope
 Has not yet fled the woe-worn Freia's bosom ;
 Still may my soothing words entice the tear
 From pitying gods, and snatch from Hela's arms
 Her splendid prey.—

(Continues addressing Odin.)

Lord of the hosts of war,
 In beaming armour bright,
 Thou driv'st the scythed car
 Amid the fearful fight—
 Lord of the starry sky,
 In dreadful majesty,
 Thou wield'st the golden spear,
 And call'st with awful sound,
 Cœlestials hear,
 And throng around

Lord of the hosts of war.] Odin was the chief of the Gothic deities, and the god of war ; he administered justice in heaven, and was acquainted with futurity by means of a raven which was sent to him by Schulda, one of the Fates. The commands of Odin were usually executed by the seven Valkyries who attended upon his table, and selected those in battle who were doomed to die.

Their warrior king.—

The pitchy raven floats

On glossy wing,

Then to Odin hastens nigh,

Checks the hoarfeness of his notes,

And whispers sounds of dread futurity ;

He comes from Schulda's black abodes

To seek thy piercing look—

And Odin reads to listening gods

The Fates' immortal book.—

Say, shall no forrowing parent's tear

Bedew thy Balder's sable bier ?

Wilt thou not weep thy child forlorn,

Thy blooming child by Hela torn

From halls of bliss

To caves of dark despair ?

Yes, Odin, yes,

I mark the gushing drops which stain

A father's cheek,

Those gushing drops thy anguish speak,

Balder shall live again

And cleave the realms of air.

ODIN.

Odin drops the tear,
And wets thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Hertha.*)

Queen of the fertile earth,
Whose all-creative hand
First gave the sons of man their birth;
Whose sweetly founding voice
With soft command,
First bade the desert land rejoice;
Bade her fruitful bosom pour
The shady tree, the painted flower;

Queen of the fertile earth.] Hertha was the wife of Odin, and the goddess of fertility. The following account of her festival is given us by Tacitus in his admirable treatise, *de Moribus Germaniæ*:—"Herthum, id est Terram Matrem colunt, eamque intervenire rebus hominum, invehî populis arbitrantur: est in insula oceani castum nemus, dicatumque in eo vehiculum "veste contextum: attingere uni sacerdoti concessum: is adesse penetrali deam intelligit, vec- "tamque bubus feminis multa cum veneratione prosequitur: læti tunc dies; festa loca, quæ- "cumque adventu hospitioque dignatur: non bella incunt; non arma sumunt; clausum omne "ferrum: pax et quies tunc tantum nota, tunc tantum amata; donec idem sacerdos fatiatam "conversazione mortalium deam templo reddat; mox vehiculum et vestes, et si credere velis, "numen ipsum secreto lacu abluitur. Servi ministrant; quos statim idem lacus haurit; arcanus "hinc terror sanctaque ignorantia, quid sit illud quod tantum perituri vident."—It is not improbable that the feast known by the name of Easter, was originally this feast of Hertha.

Bade her people every plain,
 And fill with life the teeming main ;
 Whene'er thy stately form appears
 On mortal shore,
 No war nor battle's found
 Is heard the world around ;
 No more the armed foldier rears
 The tined lance,
 And nature groans no more.—
 Before thy silver car
 The rosy pleasures dance,
 Balmy perfume scents the air,
 Nature smiles in rich array,
 And double glory gilds the day.
 Say, Hertha, wilt thou drop the tear
 On youthful Balder's fable bier ?

HERTHA.

Hertha drops the tear,
 And wets thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Thor.*)

God of the floating air,
 Whose gleamy lightnings tear
 The pine high-waving on the lofty rock,
 Whose thunders shake with dreadful shock
 The trembling rills ;
 Whose sable storm-clouds pour
 The salutary shower,
 And swell the parched hills ;
 God of the howling blast,
 Whose rushing tempests haste
 With fullen roar ;
 The forest bows its waving pride,
 The ocean heaves its swelling tide
 Loud dashing on the shore—
 God of the iron-mace,
 Which tames the giant-race,
 Say, wilt thou drop the pitying tear
 On youthful Balder's sable bier ?

God of the floating air.] Thor, the god of the weather ;—with a mace he rules the giants of frost, and with his iron gauntlet he hurls the thunder,

THOR.

Thor shall drop the pitying tear,
And wet thy Balder's fable bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Niord.*)

Lord of the boundless deep,
Whose glittering waters gently swell
And kiss the rocky steep;
When thunders howl around
And tempests yell,
Thy moving plain repeats the direful sound;
Thy foamy waves arise,
And lash the darken'd skies
In dread commotion;—
Then by the lightning's livid glare
Thou stalk'st serene thro' murky air
Which veils the raging ocean.—
But soon the winged tempests go,
Soon the rattling thunders cease,
Sun-beams gild the mountain-brow,
And Thor in zephyrs whispers peace;

Then thou bid'st the roaring main
Gently sink to rest again—
Smooth its peaceful bosom rose
In calm repose,
And stillness hover'd on the gales of spring,
When Braga touch'd the quivering string
 On Niord's shore;
On its glassy surface stood
The father of the flood,
He bade the bard celestial pour
His softest notes—
The melting music floats
Upon the peaceful wave—
Come from thy dewy cave,
 My father cries,
 Arise, arise,
Let the azure waters lave
Thy snowy limbs and golden hair;
Haste in dazzling beauty bright
To charm the tuneful Braga's sight.—
He spake, and Frea rose to realms of air.—

Then Niord clasp'd me to his breast
 And all the parent's pride confest.
 Now, will my father's heart disdain
 To ease his daughter's piercing pain?
 Or wilt thou drop the pitying tear,
 On youthful Balder's fable bier?

NIORD.

Niord drops the tear,
 And wets thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Surtur.*)

King of resistless fire,
 Whose desolating flames
 From Hecla's cliffs aspire,
 Whose scorching breath,
 The torch of death,
 The proudest hero tames;

King of resistless fire.] Surtur was the chief of the spirits of fire; his dwelling was called Muspelheim.

Where'er thy furious course is sped
 Nature bows her wither'd head—
 Thy fatal car outstrips the wind,
 Thy flaming couriers' nostrils pour
 The wide consuming shower—
 Destruction flies behind ;
 She rears her red right hand
 And with her fiery beam sweeps the blasted land.—
 Say, Surtur, wilt thou drop the tear
 On youthful Balder's fable bier ?

SURTUR.

Surtur drops the tear,
 And wets thy Balder's bier.

FREA. (*Addressing Lok.*)

God of the nether world,
 Whose deadly arrow hurl'd
 The blooming Balder to the caves of night,
 O, let not Schulda write

His everlasting doom ;
 O, let not Balder's tomb
 For ever stand,
 But snatch with pitying hand
 From Hela's curs'd abode
 The fallen god ;
 Revive, revive his wither'd charms,
 And give him back to Frea's arms.
 Drop, O Lok, the pitying tear
 On youthful Balder's fable bier.

LOK.

Away, away,
 Lok ne'er will weep—
 Let Hela keep
 Her splendid prey.

FREA.

By the ghosts' eternal moan,
 By the murderer's dying groan,

By the screech-owl's song of death,
 By the night-mare's baneful breath,
 By the famish'd eagle's scream,
 By the meteor's awful gleam,
 By the slaughter'd infant's blood,
 By the roar of Giall's flood,
 By the mandrake's fatal yell,
 By all the horrors of thy hell,
 I charge thee weep the briny tear
 On youthful Balder's fable bier.

LOK.

No—tho' Valhalla's towering wall
 Around these finewy limbs should fall,
 Tho' Skinfax plunge his flaming head
 Amid the caverns of the dead,
 Tho' Surtur aim his fiery dart
 And heap his flames around my heart,

Fatal yell.] It was formerly believed that in plucking up the mandrake a scream issued from the ground which proved immediately fatal to those who heard it.

Tho' Niord's foaming main should roar,
 And dash me lifeless on the shore ;
 Tho' Thor should hurl his iron mace
 And stain with gore this hated face ;
 Tho' Odin's self in wrath should rear
 His golden spear
 And shining shield,
 This stubborn heart shall never yield—
 Hela shall hold her splendid prey
 While countless ages roll away.

T H E E N D.

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M O I N A.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Vos quoque, qui fortes animas, belloque peremptas
Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina Bardi.

———vobis auctoribus, umbræ

Non tacitas Erebi sedes ditisque profundi.

Pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus

Orbe alio, longæ (canitis si cognita) vitæ

Mors media est: certè populi quos despicit Arctos

Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum

Maximus haud urget leti metus: inde ruendi

In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces

Mortis———

PHARSAL. LUCANI, Lib. I. 441.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of the following Tragedy is fictitious; the event may without impropriety be supposed to have happened on the coast of Ireland, which the Northern nations were accustomed to plunder before its conversion to Christianity. The Greek form of dramatic writing has been adopted as affording in its choruses the most favourable opportunity for the display of mythological imagery. Rhyme has not been used in the choral odes, both because it was less conformable to the model imitated, and because it appeared unnecessary, if not prejudicial in this species of poetry.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

MOINA, } Celts.
CARRIL, }
Chorus of Bards.
Messengers.

SCENE. *A Saxon Castle in the Possession of Harold.*

M O I N A.

ACT I.

MOINA.

FULL fifty nights have cast their gloom around me
Since first the hated Saxon tore me trembling
From parents, kindred, and a much lov'd land—
Yet loss of parents, kindred, and my country
Scarce move a soul oppress'd with keener grief;
In the loud strife of arms, in fields of blood,
My Carril fighting with a lover's fury
Fell—fell by Harold's arm, and smiling hope

For ever fled my breast—here, here he lives,
 And while my eyes behold this hated light
 He still shall live, and still with fullen pleasure
 I'll dwell on other times, when all was hope,
 When all was love and joy—accursed beauty!
 Would that the god of Fura's sacred wood
 Had blasted this fair form—the Saxon then
 Had seen and hated me.—Wife?—wife?—
 Yes—'tis a murderer's arm embraces me,
 A murderer calls me his, the murderer
 Of Carril!—Would this hand——
 But hark! the sound of song, the morning greeting
 Of aged bards.—

BARDS. (*Entering.*)

CHORUS.

Hail to her whom Frea loves,
 Moina, hail:
 When first thy infant eyes beheld
 The blushing beam of orient day

Frea from Valhalla's groves
 Mark'd thy birth in silent joy ;
 From Valhalla's groves she sent
 The swift-wing'd messenger of love,
 Bearing in her rosy hand
 The gold-tipt horn of gods ;
 From this thy infant lips imbib'd
 Three lingering drops of mead divine,
 Thro' thy tender frame distilling,
 They form'd thy snowy limbs to grace,
 They gloss'd thy raven hair,
 Illum'd thy sparkling eyes,
 And flush'd thy cheek with crimson hue
 Unfading.
 Hail to her whom Frea loves,
 Moina, hail.

Messenger of love.] Gna is the name of Frea's messenger ; Fulla and Gnoffa also attended her.

Mead divine.] The common beverage of the Northern deities.

MOINA.

Ye venerable men, my grief-worn soul
Scarce heeds your salutation : child of sorrow
The soothing voice of flattery passes by me,
Like feeble gales which fan a warring host,
Unnotic'd.—Is your chief return'd?

BARD.

As yet
No messenger of victory has reach'd us.

MOINA.

To slay, to conquer, these are Harold's pleasures,
To stain his dark-blue steel with human gore ;
Cannot the glad repast, the song of bards,
The vigor-giving chace, the solemn council,
Withdraw the savage hero from the battle ?
No—these are vain.—To stab the faithful lover,
To shed the blood of brothers and of sons,
To deal the dole of misery to thousands,

These are the only joys a Saxon feels.—

God of my fathers, strike the fell destroyers,

Blunt, blunt their steel, benumb their hardy sinews,

Pour out their red heart's blood, that peace again

May bless my country.

BARD.

E'en the gods themselves,

Who dwell above in happiness and glory,

Delight in shining arms and fierce encounter;

From fair Valhalla's halls they rush with joy

To meet each other in the strife of spears,

They fight but for their sport; when tir'd of battle

Again they seek the banquet, quaff again

From gold-encircled horn the sparkling mead,

And joyful feast upon Serimner's flesh;

E'en the gods themselves.] Edda Sæmundar. Vafthrudnismal, xli.

Serimner's flesh.] The name of the wild boar which was the food of the gods: though they were constantly feasting on it its flesh was never consumed.

Such is their happy life ; and can'st thou wonder
That man should imitate the gods ? that man
Should laugh at fear, and dauntless die to claim
A glorious seat at Odin's splendid board ?

MOINA.

And may Valhalla's halls be quickly fill'd
With Saxon souls—
Thou unseen power, who in my country's woods
In awful silence dwell'st, whom trembling druids
With hallow'd rites invoke, arise, arise,
And wing the hissing dart to Harold's bosom.—

BARD.

Beware—nor call the vengeance of thy gods
Upon a husband's head ; should Harold fall,
Shuddering I see what follows.—

A glorious feat.] All those who died bravely in battle were immediately received by Odin into his palace, and joined the society of the other deities.

MOINA.

What can follow?

What keener woes than those I know already?

A breathless lover and an aged parent

In sorrow sinking to the narrow house?

The breast of Moina fears no greater anguish.

BARD.

No more—our words distress you, and you lose

The pleasant freshness of the morning air.

MOINA.

Ye aged bards, farewell.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

King of gods on shining throne,

Thou, who with a single glance

On shining throne.] Lidfialfa was the name of Odin's throne whence the whole world was supposed to be visible to him.

Piercest Nature's wide extent,
 Thou, who from the spring of Mimer
 Quaffest liquid lore divine,
 Odin, hear.

King of gods, whom Hydrasil
 With sacred shadow veils,
 Whilst around thee sit coelestials,
 Whilst beneath thee Fates attend,
 Odin, hear.

King of men, on coal-black steed,
 Brave in battle, brave in death,
 Pierc'd with arrows nine
 In agony thou smil'st ;
 King of men, whose dark-blue steel
 No foe unconquer'd saw,
 Soon his heart's blood smok'd around,

Pierced with arrows nine.] Odin, whilst he was yet on earth, is recorded to have stabbed himself at an advanced period of age in nine different places. The Gothic nations esteemed it dishonorable not to die a violent death.

Soon his fainting soul retir'd.

Odin, hear.—

In Harold's breast thy spirit pour,
String his nerves, his eyes inflame,
Direct his brawny arm to deal
The darts of death around,
In the tempest of the battle
Throw thy shield of safety round him,
Protect him with thy mighty hand,
And fend him back with victory.

But should the Fatal Sisters mark
Our chieftain's soul to grace thy halls,
Should the keen arrow pierce his side
And Harold perish in the fight,
When death shall hover round his heart,
When his firm knees shall tottering fail,
When shades of night shall gloom his eyes
And sinking nature yield,
Then may no groan of woe escape

Our hardy chieftain's fainting lips,
 Then may no writhing agony
 Deform the hero's face,
 Joyful to fall in fields of blood
 To him may death's cold steel be welcome,
 And may he laughing die.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

CARRIL. (*In the Habit of a Bard.*)

UNDER the cover of these sacred garments,
 A sure protection from the hand of insult,
 I yet may hope to find my much-lov'd Moina ;
 Since first these wounded limbs recover'd strength
 I've vainly wander'd ; many a stately castle
 Has hospitably cheer'd my fainting body,
 But on my mind forlorn no gleam of joy
 Has yet arisen—perhaps within these walls—
 Ah no—my tortures must not finish yet—
 Would that the pious hands which found me bleeding
 'Midst heaps of slain had left me there to perish,
 Then had the long calm sleep of death oppress'd me,
 Nor had I woken to anguish.—

(*Bards enter.*)

Ye aged bards, have pity on a brother,

M

Receive me to your hospitable halls,
Weary and faint I ask but some refreshment,
Shut not your doors against a helpless man.—

BARD.

Accurst be he who 'gainst the suppliant stranger
Shall bolt his massy iron gates, unmindful
Of misery's voice.—These halls have ever offer'd
Food and repose to weary travellers.

CARRIL.

I thank ye venerable men—but say,
What warlike chieftain calls this castle his?

BARD.

'Tis Harold's castle, urg'd by restless valour
He seeks the strife of spears and quits his home.

Your hospitable halls.] An unbounded hospitality was one of the most prominent and amiable features in the character of our Northern ancestors.—Quemcunque mortalium arcere tecto, nefas habetur: pro fortuna quisque apparatis epulis excipit, cum defecere, qui modo hospes fuerat, monstrator hospitii et comes proximam domum non invitati adeunt, nec interest, pari humanitate accipiuntur. Notum ignotumque quantum ad jus hospitii nemo discernit.

Tacitus de Mor. German. S. 21.

CARRIL.

And does no beauty weep for his return?

BARD.

A beauty weeps but not for his return ;
Another cause of woe has pal'd her cheeks,
Has shrunk her comely form and dimm'd
The lustre of her eyes ; she weeps her home.

CARRIL.

Speak, holy man, her name?

BARD.

Her name is Moina—

Why does the red-blood leave thy cheek? why does
The cold dew damp thy face? Thy feeble knees
Can scarce support thee.—

CARRIL. (*After a pause.*)

'Tis a sudden fainting,

Worn with fatigue and hunger, this weak frame
Sinks under me.

BARD.

Retire, and take refreshment.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

'Tis not he whose arched halls
Resound with revelry and song
That tastes the purest joy,
But he who from his ample stores
Feeds the hungry, cheers the faint,
On languid features casts the smile
And lights up radiance in the eye ;
Him the traveller shall bless,
Him the gods will love.
When the noon-tide sun has scorch'd
The sickly plants on parched hills,
The dews of eve restore their vigor ;
When the sultry summer's heat

Has dried the torrents on the rocks,
The falling rain renews their springs
And verdure spreads around.

CARRIL. (*Returning.*)

My strength is now renew'd, I fain would meet
The lady of these halls, to offer thanks
For such a kind reception.

BARD.

See, she comes,
Returning from her morning walk, she passes
Towards her chamber, haste, accost her.

CARRIL.

Lady,
A stranger whom your stately halls receiv'd
Fatigu'd and hungry, humbly offers thanks
For food and rest: and if 'tis your good pleasure

N

The wandering bard will raise the sound of song,
The grateful sound of praise.

MOINA.

Thou holy man,
The flattering song is hateful to my ear;
But if thou know'st to raise the mournful voice,
And softly sound the melancholy tale,
My sickly soul could listen with delight.

CARRIL.

Please you to sit, fair lady, while I pour
The melting strains of woe.

Peace, winds of night, ye roaring tempests, peace,
Soft glide, ye torrents, from the echoing hills,
Walk thro' dark clouds, pale moon, and dimly shoot
From time to time a mournful beam, shriek not
Ye famish'd eagles, wolves, forget your howlings,

Let all be silent, dark.
 Ghosts of my fathers, bend your shadowy forms
 To hear the tale of woe—
 The tale of woe which Mornac thus began.
 Fair was my daughter on the hills of Fura,
 Fair as the moon-beam, white as drifted snow,
 Sweet as the gale of spring—why starts the tear?
 Why heaves the sigh in Mornac's aged bosom?
 No more my Lora meets me on the heath,
 No more she cheers my soul with pleasant song,
 My echoing halls are silent—
 The soft mist rises from the lakes, and fills
 The flowers with dew, the cheering sun returns,
 The mist is gone—no beam of joy dispels
 The mist of Mornac's soul, but lasting sorrow
 Cleaves to my aged heart—my child, where art thou?
 Dark is thy bed, O Lora, grief has crush'd
 Thy tender form, far from a parent's bosom
 The hand of rapine snatch'd thee, and thy sleep
 Ere this is deep—accursed be the chief
 Who fought on Fura's plains, my feeble arm

Benumb'd with age's winter struck in vain ;
 In vain did Carril fight, the much-lov'd Carril ;
 Swift was his step, full rose his finewy limbs,
 As a dark cloud he mov'd, and shook his glittering spear—
 The steel deep pierc'd his side, death's gloom o'erspread him,
 And mid't the slain he fell.—Fear seiz'd our foldiers,
 They fled the strife of spears ; the conquering Saxons
 Enter'd our halls defenceless, thence they bore
 My Lora, but the blue-eyed chief disdain'd
 To smear his dark-blue steel with aged blood.
 Cruel he spar'd me to lament my woes
 And sink in anguish to the narrow house.
 When the huge mass of snow from lofty hills
 Descends impetuous on the cottage roof,
 And buries in its fall the father, mother,
 And infant offspring, then no sound of woe
 Is heard, no parent weeping for a child,
 No child deep-sobbing for a tender parent,
 All find a common grave and sleep in peace—
 But when the roaring torrent rushes down
 From dark-brown rocks, and from the mountain-deer

Snatches her sportive fawn, the hapless mother
 Rejects her food, forgets the wonted spring
 And quits the joyous herd, to hide
 Her tear-worn face in gloomy dells.—Thus Mornac
 Rejects the joys of life to weep in secret.
 And now, the conquering enemy retir'd,
 The white rob'd druids from their sacred woods,
 Come forth, they haste to bear our fallen friends
 To their dark home—when Carril they espied
 Yet breathing.—

BARD.

Aged man, thy mournful tale
 Has deeply touch'd our lady—she retires—
 Finish thy song.

CARRIL.

In Carril's wounds they pour
 The healing balm, recall his fainting soul
 And raise him up to misery.—And now

O'er Fura's plains the lover wanders mourning,
 In Fura's mossy towers the father weeps.—
 Rise, winds of night, ye raging tempests, rise,
 Roar loud ye torrents from the echoing hills,
 Shriek, shriek, ye eagles, howl, ye hungry wolves,
 Ye black clouds gather round and swiftly dart
 The tined lightening to encrease the horror—
 Ghosts of my fathers, hasten to your clouds—
 The solemn song is sung.

A MESSENGER. (*Entering.*)

Moina, old man, commands you to attend her.
 Follow.—

CHORUS OF BARDS.

What founts coelestial float
 Upon the liquid air
 And charm the listening gods?
 Is it the rustling breeze

'Midst Gláfor's golden boughs?

Is it the white-neck'd swan's

Melodious strains?

No—'tis Braga's harp,

Braga sweeps the sounding strings,

Fair Iduna's golden hair,

Mimer's stream inspires the god,

With swimming eyes

And soul of fire

He pours the tide of harmony.—

He whom Braga loves

Can swell the solemn found,

Can raise the notes of joy,

And tune the softest shell.

Gláfor's golden boughs.] Gláfor was a forest in Valhalla; the trees which composed it shot forth golden branches.

The white neck'd swans.] The Scandinavians had the same opinion of the musical powers of this bird as the Greeks and Romans.

Fair Iduna's golden hair.] There is a tradition that Braga, the god of poetry and music, strung his harp with the flaxen locks of his wife Iduna.

He whom Braga loves
 Can found the warlike lay,
 In flame the chieftain's soul,
 And fend him in his glittering arms
 To fields of blood.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

CARRIL AND MOINA.

MOINA.

IN vain you urge my flight—tho' force compell'd me
To share the bed of Harold, whilst he breathes
I'm his alone, nor shall my sacred honour
Be ever blasted, then e'en Carril's self
Would hate me, faithless—should some nervous arm
Transfix the Saxon, joy again might burst
Upon the cloud of grief which veils us round,
Then might I fly and rest in Carril's arms.

CARRIL.

Then is there one way left, when Harold's step
Resounds within his halls, this hand shall—

MOINA.

No, Carril, no—I love thy daring spirit,
 Yet should the chieftain bleed within these walls,
 A sure destruction waits upon us both.
 Calm thy fierce courage—on the road which leads
 O'er yonder hills, a gloomy forest borders,
 The sun-beams never pierce its sides, the wolf,
 The hissing snake possess it; there resides
 A prophetess deep skill'd in Runic lore;
 Haste to her cave, and force her to demand
 By magic rites, if joy or grief await
 Our future hours.

[*A prophetess deep skill'd.*] That these prophetesses or witches were held in great veneration among the Northern nations is confirmed by the testimony of various authors.—Inesse quin etiam, (says Tacitus, de Mor. Germ.) sanctum quid et providum fœminis putant. The influence of their councils in war is mentioned both by Polyænus de Stratag. Lib. 7. and by Cæsar de Bello Gall. Lib. 7.

εἰσι δὲ καὶ παρὰ Γερμανοῖς ἱερὰ καλεῖσθαι γυναῖκες, αἱ πόλεων δυνάεις προβλεπεσθαι, καὶ ρευμάτων ἑλιγμοῖς καὶ ψοφοῖς, τεκμαιρόνται καὶ προδεδιχόουσι τὰ μέλλοντα.

Strom. Lib. 1. p. 305. (Colon. Fol. 1688.

In silvis, montibus, specubus aut prope fontibus habitabant. Keysser Antiq. Septentrion. 44. Strabo has given us a minute description of the dress of these women :

παρακολουθῶν προμαντεῖς ἱερὰ πολιστρίχες, λευκείμονες, καρπασίνας εφ'ακτιδας, ἐπιτε-
 πορπημέναι, ζωσμά χαλκῶν ἐχούσαι, γυμνοπόδες.

Strabonis Geograph. Lib. 7.

CARRIL.

I go, and may the gods
We fear with blest forebodings wing
My feet returning.

[*Moina and Carril go out.*]

Bards enter meeting a Soldier.

BARD.

Thy hasty step forebodes us good, thou com'st
To tell the victory of Harold?

SOLDIER.

No,

Our chief is fallen in the strife of spears,
Bravely he fought by multitudes oppress'd,
His blows were death ; at length a hissing dart
Pierc'd his brave side ; his heart's blood follow'd gushing ;
Death dimm'd his eyes ; he feebly rais'd his arm
As if to strike again ; his sinews fail'd him ;

He fell: in death's last agonies he grasp'd
His weapon; cold and bloody, yet he looks
The hero—

BARD.

Thus should a Saxon fall.

SOLDIER.

His faithful people
With fury rush'd around him, tore his body
From the surrounding warriors—now they bear him
In mournful silence to his lofty halls,
And haste to lay him 'midst his brave forefathers.

BARD.

Soldier, let Moina hear the fate of Harold.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

Softly strike the harp
And swell the sounds of woe,

Harold falls,
His blue eyes close,
His golden hair is red,
He falls in blood.

See at the festive board
His faithful warriors fit,
In vain they cast their eyes around
To meet their chieftain's looks ;
Sorrow glooms their souls
And dashes from their lips
The sparkling shell.

The hunter's horn refounds,
The stout dogs leap around
And seek their chief,
No more shall Harold's voice
Be heard the woods among.

The famish'd eagle screams
And asks his wonted food,
No more shall Harold's arm
Prepare the bloody feast.

Yet not to Hela's dark abode
Our chieftain's soul is fled,
He rises on the rushing blast
And seeks Valhalla's halls.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Enter Moina, Carril meeting her.

MOINA.

WELCOME my Carril to thy Moina's arms,
Now am I thine, my love ; this joyful night
Shall shade us flying to our native country ;
Again my aged father shall behold
His happy daughter, and the white rob'd druid
Shall hear our holy vows.—The chief is fall'n.—

CARRIL.

Thou unseen power, when deep despair surrounds us,
When the dark night of woe o'er shades the soul,
Sudden thou shin'st amidst surrounding horrors,
The cloud is gone, and keenest joy bursts in
Upon the darken'd mind.—The prophets
Foreboded Harold's death—

MOINA.

And 'tis accomplish'd,
 Bless'd be the arm which pierc'd his hated heart ;
 Say, Carril, did the prophets foretell
 A happy issue to our flight, and promise
 Long days of joy and love?—tell, tell me all.

CARRIL.

My hasty steps soon reach'd the gloomy wood
 I fought; and struggling thro' the thorny paths
 To find the dwelling of the prophets,
 I mark'd a craggy rock whose broken summit
 Was veil'd by creeping shrubs—it's bottom yawn'd
 And shew'd a deep dark gulph—I fearless enter'd,
 And with extended arms I trac'd my way,
 For there no beam of light was seen to glimmer
 Save that which rose from magic incantations ;
 While thus advancing slow, a dead cold hand
 Caught mine, a hoarse voice thus address'd me,
 Who art thou, man, that dar'st with impious step

Disturb my silent dwelling? Speak or perish.—

Mildly I answer'd, prophets, a stranger,

A miserable stranger seeks thy aid ;

O tell me, I conjure you by your gods,

If Harold's doom be seal'd, if grief-worn Moina

Shall e'er behold again her native home

And dwell with Carril?—Hence, away, she cries,

I know thee now, thyself art Carril, hence,

I hate the foes of Harold.—

With that I forward rush'd, and in my arms

Seizing the prophets, I cried aloud

Unfeeling woman, tell me what I ask,

Or these firm arms shall from thy feeble body

Set loose thy curst foul.—My son, she said,

Forbear, I yield, thy bravery has won me,

Approach—within my cave a new slain corse,

Born by my spirits from the field of slaughter,

Yet bleeds, by Harold's arm this day transfix'd,

The foul is seated in Valhalla's halls,

But by my potent art I'll call it back,

Force it to animate the bloody limbs,
 And truly answer thy demands.—She spake,
 And blue light flash'd around me; I beheld
 The bleeding man—with hoarse rough voice she 'gan
 To sound the Runic rhyme, and singing still,
 The corse uprear'd his head and clotted hair,
 And slowly cast his ghastly eyes around,
 Then sunk again, as if the soul had fear'd
 To animate a hateful mangl'd body;
 The prophets observ'd him, and in wrath
 She seiz'd a living snake and lash'd his limbs—
 Uprose the corse, his languid eyes he fix'd
 On me, thus speaking—Tell me, Carril, quickly,
 For well I know thee, Carril, what's thy pleasure?
 Dismiss me hence with speed to halls of joy.
 Warrior, I said, is Harold's death decreed?—
 He bleeds, he bleeds, I see him fall
 On the corse-spread plain—
 Send me back to halls of joy.
 Yet speak, shall Moina with her Carril dwell?
 E'er the setting sun shall shoot

His reddest rays across the waves

Moina's woes shall be at peace—

I go, I go to halls of joy—

He said, and smiling fullenly, fell lifeless.

Then from the cave with joyous steps I hasten'd

To bear the glad forebodings to my Moina.

MOINA.

Again the fun of joy bursts forth and gilds

Our future days.—But now retire, my Carril,

Instantly quit the castle and attend me

In the dark dell which borders on the wood

Some two miles off.—The followers of Harold,

Bearing his body to the narrow house,

Are near at hand, and when the chief is laid

At peace, I'll steal unnotic'd from the walls,

And fly on love-wing'd step to Carril's arms.

[Carril goes out.

Now, haste ye tardy minutes, till the dews

Of evening fall, arise ye floating clouds,

And shroud the silver moon in welcome darkness;—

Enter a Bard.

BARD.

Lady, the soldiers bear our chieftain's body
Within our castle gates, the grave is ready,
The holy rites prepar'd, we wait thy presence.

MOINA.

My presence, venerable man, and wherefore?

BARD.

Know'st thou not then the custom of our land?
The laws which ages past have render'd sacred?
Know'st thou not, lady, with her husband's body
The wife is buried, that in other worlds

The wife is buried.] This is a custom recorded in Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Vol I. p. 342. The authorities quoted for it are—Edda Mythol. 43.—Hist. Norveg. Torfæi—Olof Tryggvason's Saga. To these may be added, Saxo Grammaticus. Lib. 8. de Danis—and Strabo.

και ξυλον εμβalonτες εις τουτον εοσημα και θερια και ανθρωπους ωλοκαυτων. Lib. 7.

It is probable that the Goths inherited this custom from their Scythian ancestors, for Herodotus speaking of the Scythian funerals says,

εν δε τη λοιπη ευρυχωρη της θηκης, των παλλακων τε μιν αποτιζαντες θaprouci και τον οινοχοον και μαγειρον και ιπποκορον, &c. Lib. 4. S. 17.

As Moína was a Celt and but lately a prisoner, she may very well be supposed ignorant of this barbarous law.

He still may share her fond embraces, still
May dwell with her in joy?

MOINA.

Buried?—

BARD.

Our laws have so decreed it, lady,
And their decrees unalterably stand ;
Haste then with Harold to the halls of joy,
Haste to the feast of gods—

MOINA.

Have pity on me—

Spare, spare my life—O save me, save me—
Hadst thou but offer'd death when Harold led me
A weeping captive from my native shore,
With joy I'd follow'd to the grave—but now—
Horror, horror—curfes, curfes fall
Upon thy nation—was it not enough
To drag me from a father's arms, to force me

All-shudd'ring to the conqueror's hated bed?

Must the same grave receive us?—Save me, save me.

BARD.

Lady, the law must be obeyed, I cannot.

MOINA.

Is there no help?—

Is there no arm to save, no breast to pity?

BARD.

Death cannot be avoided.

MOINA.

Carril, Carril,

Is this our promis'd joy? accurs'd forebodings,

And did ye raise our souls to plunge them deeper

In horror's night?—Father, father—no more—

Soon wilt thou meet me—soon will Carril hail

His faithful Moira in the cloudy hall

Of ghosts—haste, haste beloved men.—

God of my fathers, rise and aid my soul,
Revenge, revenge my blood, and—

BARD.

Lady, no more,
I must command obedience.

[Leads her off.]

*Harold's body is carried by his soldiers across the stage, Moina follows; the
Bards stop and sing the funeral song.*

CHORUS.

Who steps on the glittering bridge
That leads to the mansion of gods?
'Tis Harold—undaunted in fight,
He smil'd at the shivering of spears,
He fell in the clashing of arms.
Rise, Odin, rise,
See, he enters thy shining abodes
And terrible sits by thy side.

Who lifts the gold-tipp'd horn
Of sparkling mead?

Harold lifts the gold-tipp'd horn
Of sparkling mead.

Andrimner's bubbling cauldron feeds

The happy gods,

Harold joins the joyous band

And feasts on food divine.

Happy he who fighting falls,

Happy in the battle's clangor

To feel the quivering dart.

When the hunter's spear has pierc'd

The roe-buck's mottled side,

Down from the fummit of the rock

He falls, and falling dies;

His dark grey eyes for ever close,

*Andrimner's bubbling cauldron.] Andrimner was perpetually employed in boiling Serim-
ner's flesh.*

No more he fees the grassy hill,
 No more he seeks the gushing spring,
 But sinks to endless night.
 When Vithri drives the singing spear
 Deep in the hero's steel-clad breast,
 His foul immortal mounts on high
 And climbs the airy hall of gods;
 There in Pleasure's lap he lies
 'Till Surtur's flames consume the world.

From the four regions of the sky
 The white snow falls,
 And Winter binds in thick ribb'd ice
 The floating world—
 Who rears the bloody hand?
 A brother in his brother's heart
 Has plung'd the spear.

Vithri.] A name of Hela, or Death.

From the four regions of the sky.] The most striking parts of the following description of the twilight of the gods are taken from Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Vol. II. p. 159. and Sæmund's Edda Vafthrudnismal. liii.

Who rears the bloody hand?

A father in his daughter's heart

Has plung'd the spear.

Where are thy beams, O sun?

Where is thy silver shield,

O moon?

The glittering stars fall from the cope of heav'n—

'Tis darkness all—the firm earth shakes,

The lofty mountains crashing rush

Upon the plains below—

Old Ocean heaves his waves,

And tempests howl around.

See Fenris bursts his chain

His eye-balls flash,

His nostrils breathe

Consuming fire.

From the Serpent's iron jaws

Fenris bursts his chain.] Fenris was an enormous and terrible wolf bound in chains till the last day, when he was to escape and attack the gods.

The serpent's iron jaws.] The serpent's name was Midgard, he was twisted round the whole earth, and was to break loose at the last day as well as Fenris.

Floods of poison roll—
 Hark—the crash of heav'n,
 It cleaves, it cleaves,
 Spirits of fire arise
 And hurl their burning brands,
 Surtur at their head,
 Before him flash his dazzling arms,
 Behind him flies resistless flame.

Heimdal lifts the brazen trump
 And blows a war denouncing blast,
 Heaven's solid pillars shake—
 Odin hears—he grasps his spear
 And rears his golden shield—
 Heimdal founds the brazen trump—
 The gods start up and seize their glittering arms.
 Heimdal founds the brazen trump—
 Odin's heros rush to battle,
 And clash their founding shields.

Heimdal lifts the brazen trump.] Heimdal was the centinal of Valhalla, and god of the sky.

Them among shall Harold stand
 Foremost in their glittering ranks,
 His arm shall wing the hissing dart
 Nor dread the flames around ;
 Then shall he fighting fall again,
 And sink amid the war of gods,
 Amid the crush of worlds.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Enter Bards returning from the Grave.

CHORUS.

DARK, dark is Moina's bed,
On earth's cold lap she lies ;
Where is the beauteous form
Which heroes lov'd ?
Where is the sparkling eye,
The blushing cheek ?
Cold, cold is Moina's bed.

And shall no mournful lay
With solemn murmurs sooth
Her parted soul ?
Shall beauty fall unmourn'd ?

U.

Shall no tear wet the grave

Where Moina lies?

The bards shall raise the solemn song,

The bards shall soothe her parted soul,

And drop the tear of grief

On Moina's grave.

The lily bows its head

Before the passing gale,

The green earth kissing,

But swift the passing gale is fled,

Again the fair flower rears her snowy pride

And drinks the air serene.—

Before the breath of woe

The soul of Moina bow'd,

It bow'd and rose no more.

High o'er its banks the rapid river swells

And flows impetuous on the plain—

The poplar meets its rushing waves

And bows its tender stem—

The waters pass,
 The plant uprears its bended trunk
 And shoots aloft ;
 The plant uprears its verdant tufts,
 And spreads its light green leaves
 To meet the warmth of heav'n.
 Before the tide of woe
 The soul of Moina bow'd,
 It bow'd and rose no more.

Freia from Valhalla's groves
 Mark'd the grief of Moina's soul
 And dropp'd the golden tear,
 Now she quits the groves of bliss,
 And hastes to meet her favour'd child
 At heav'n's lofty gates.
 With her rosy hand she grasps

The golden tear.] Freia's tears were fabled to be drops of gold.

To meet her favor'd child.] Habebat, says Keyser, etiam Freia palatia sua quibus defunctas excipiebat. To this palace of Freia virgins, and wives who had died with their husbands, were admitted. See also Edda Sæmundar. Grimnifinal xiv.

Moina's clay-cold palm,
 Swift thro' her frame coelestial vigour shoots,
 Coelestial beauty beams
 In Moina's eyes.

Fair flower, no more the blasts of woe
 Shall shake thy tender form,
 Secure in Frea's groves
 Thy bloom shall fade no more.

FIRST BARD.

Did'st thou not notice, e'er the grave was clos'd
 On Moina, that she beckon'd to her servant
 And whisper'd him? Quick thro' the crowd he struggl'd
 And vanish'd from our sight—

SECOND BARD.

I did, and wonder'd much what care intruding
 Could for a moment draw her thoughts from death;
 'Till then in silent grief she stood, her eyes
 Fast rooted on the ground.

FIRST BARD.

And when the earth
Was cast upon her as we held her struggling
By Harold's side, she call'd aloud on Carril—

CARRIL. (*Entering in haste.*)

Who calls on Carril? speak, ye wretches, speak,
Where is my Moina?

BARD.

Moina is no more,
She lies by Harold's side.—

CARRIL.

Inhuman monsters—
Lightnings, lightnings blast thy curfed nation—
Lead me to Moina's grave, haste, haste, perhaps
She yet may breathe, her bosom yet—

BARD.

Be calm.

CARRIL.

Ye wretches lead me to the grave, once more
I'll clasp her cold cold breast, kiss her pale lips,
And perish with my Moina.

BARD.

With thy Moina?

CARRIL.

Yes, she was mine, till thy accursed chief.
God of my fathers, thou hast slain the robber—
Till thy accursed chief in sorrow dragg'd her
To these detested walls—I am her lover—
I am Carril—

BARD.

Carril!

CARRIL.

Yes, wretches, yes—

Moina, Moina, think not to fall alone,

I haste to meet thee, Carril hastes to join

Thy gloomy ghost; soon shall our airy forms

A mournful conference hold, ride on the blast

And hover o'er our country—there we'll trace

Thy father's steps—together will we haunt

The well known hills, and listen to the torrent—

The aged bards shall sing our mournful tale—

We'll bend our feeble forms and listening catch

The fothing founts of woe.—I come, my Moina,

With steps of speed I'll seek the rock's high summit

And plunge to death below.

To death below.] The practice of suicide was neither unfrequent, nor dishonourable among the Northern nations.

Mortem accersunt et voluntario interitu calligant obeundi tarditatem: quos fatietas tenet vitæ de rupe nota præcipitem casum in maria destinant. Hoc sepulturæ genus optimum arbitrantur.

Solinus, de Hyperboreis. Cap. 16.

Both Pliny and Pomponius Mela agree with this account of Solinus.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

When from the foe's bright spear
 The foldier trembling turns,
 When cold fear shakes his frame
 And blasts his strength,
 No more he'll hear the song of praise,
 No more he'll tell his listening child
 The bloody tale of war ;
 The gloomy vale receives
 His slow and fullen steps ;
 He hates the warrior's eye,
 He hates the maiden's look.
 Then let shame his bosom fire,
 Lead him to the lofty rock,
 And plunge him from the airy height.
 To death below.

When the hero's hardy frame

When the hero's hardy frame.] Neque senibus neque morbidis permissum vivere: sed ubi
 gravis ætas, aut valetudo deterior, tenebantur ipsi supplicare propinquis ut se ærumnis exi-
 merent. Procopius Goth. Hist. Lib. 2.

Mirus amor populo, cum pigra incanuit ætas,
 Imbellos jamdudum annos prævertere faxo.

Sil. Italicus. Lib. 3.

With lingering sickness droops,
 When his broad and finewy arm
 Shrunk and trembling fails,
 When that firm breast which dar'd the dart
 The sighs of langour heaves,
 When those bold knees which rush'd to war
 Tottering sink beneath his weight,
 When death has rais'd his clay-cold hand
 To touch the warrior's heart,
 Then let him drag his feeble limbs
 To some high rock's projecting cliff,
 And from the airy summit plunge
 To death below.

When from the aged father's arms
 The blooming child is torn,
 Forlorn he wanders on the heath,
 His white hair waving in the wind—
 Forlorn he seeks the hill
 His child has trod,
 And wipes the falling tear ;

Anguish gnaws his heart,
 And slowly drags his feeble frame
 To Hela's halls—
 Haste, haste and seek the lofty rock,
 There from its airy summit plunge
 To death below.

When the lover clasps
 His mistress dead,
 Cleaves to her cold cold breast
 Her pale lips kissing,
 No more her blue eyes tell
 The tale of love,
 No more her silver-sounding voice
 Shall murmur in his ear—
 In speechless agony he hangs upon her—
 Awake, awake, and from that form below'd
 Snatch thy distracted soul,
 Haste, haste and seek the lofty rock,
 There from its airy summit plunge
 To death below.

THE END.

S T A R N O.

A TRAGEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

———Immitis placatur fanguine diro
Teutates: horrensque feris altaribus Hefus.—

LUCAN. PHARSAL. Lib. I.

OF A R N O

A TRAGEDY

IN TWO ACTS

By the same author

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of the following Tragedy, like that of the foregoing, is fictitious, but I hope not entirely inconsistent with the manners and customs of the Celtic people. As the scene of action is laid in Britain, I have been obliged to desert the mythology of the Saxons for the institutions and ceremonies of the druids; some of these ceremonies have already been received by the public with delight, as displayed in the admirable tragedy of Caractacus; but although the variety and magnificence of the Gothic religion is by no means rivalled by the Celtic, yet there appeared to me some parts of it untouched, which might be introduced into dramatic poetry with tolerable effect.

The following piece is written, like *Moina*, on the ancient Greek model, and the choral odes are without rhyme.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

STARNO, }
DAURA, } Britons.

KELRIC, a Saxon.

Chorus of Druids.

SCENE. A sacred Wood and an Altar.

S T A R N O.

ACT I.

DRUIDS.

FIRST DRUID.

IN the dark covert of these sacred shades
I wait with restless trembling expectation
The joyful tidings of our chieftain's conquest ;
No more the voice of woe shall chill our hearts,
No more the flying Briton here shall haste
With fear-wing'd step to hide his fainting limbs,
And tell the hateful tale of slaughter'd friends—
But soon the shout of victory shall burst
Upon our hallowed groves. In Starno's breast

The foul of Hefus breathes, to Starno's arm
 He gives resistless strength, his beaming eyes
 Shoot forth destructive fire—well pleas'd to hear
 Our chieftain's bloody vow, the god of battles
 Stalks by his side amid the glittering ranks,
 And wields his massy blade to strike for Britain.

SECOND DRUID.

Yes, holy man; the fearless foul of Starno
 Shall glut its vengeance in the gushing blood
 Of foes; but still the image of his child

The foul of Hefus.] Hefus was the Celtic god of war.

Our chieftain's bloody vow.] The sacrifice of living men was considered by the Druids as peculiarly acceptable to some of their gods. Hefum et Teutamem Deos, says Lactantius, Lib. I. c. 21, a Gallis humano cruore fuisse placatos.

ἄνθρωπον γὰρ κατὰσπείσμενον παίσαντες εἰς νῶτον μαχαίρᾳ ἐμάντευοντο ἐκ τῆ σφάδαμβ.
 καὶ ἀλλὰ δὲ ἀνδρωποθύσιων εἶδη λέγεται

Strabo, Lib. 4.

These unfortunate victims were devoted to the gods either after or before a battle. Aut pro victimis, says Cæsar de Bell. Gal. Lib. 6. homines immolant aut se immolatu-
 ros vovent, quod pro vita hominis nisi vita hominis reddatur, non posse aliter deorum immortalium numen placari arbitrantur: publicèque ejusdem generis habent institutâ sacrificia.

Bellum Hermunduris prosperum, Cattis exitiosum fuit, quia victores diversam aciem diis sacravere, quo voto equi, viri, cuncta victa occidioni dantur.

Taciti Annal. Lib. 13. c. 57.

Will haunt his gloomy mind, will gnaw his heart.
 And while the warrior joys in shouts of battle,
 The father still shall heave the frequent sigh ;
 O may some blessed hour again restore
 The blooming Daura to his eager arms,
 And chase the night of woe which shades his soul.

CHORUS.

When from the towering rock
 The keen-ey'd eagle spies
 The serpent's glistening side,
 Down, down he drops,
 Then bears aloft
 His struggling prey,
 And joyful cleaves with rapid wing
 The liquid fields of air ;
 But soon the speckled foe uprears
 His hissing jaws,
 Deep in the fearless bird he sheaths
 His forked sting,

The fearless bird with torture writhing,
 Firmly clasps his fatal prey,
 Plunges deep his pointed claws,
 Till torn with ghastly wounds
 The mangled serpent dies.
 Deep, deep in Starno's breast
 The dart of grief is fix'd,
 Fell revenge his bosom fires,
 He rushes with resistless rage
 To bathe his finewy arm
 In purple blood—

A SOLDIER. (*Entering hastily.*)

Ye sacred men, I come with winged steps
 To tell the joyful victory of Starno,
 Strike, strike your golden harps and raise the song
 Of joy, your dauntless chief returns with conquest;
 Fierce was the battle's rage, the clanging shields
 Re-echoed loud, the swiftly darting steel
 With sparkling fragments strew'd the bloody earth,
 And hissing arrows hurtled in the air—

Then in the thickest ranks was Starno seen
 Like Hefus' self he wing'd his bickering blade,
 And spread the gory field with mangled foes,
 The groans of death, the victors joyful shout
 Mix in the troubl'd sky—fear seiz'd the Saxons,
 They fled the strife of spears—

DRUID.

Haste, haste, and with your golden axes fell
 The waving branches of the sacred oak,
 Receive its falling leaves in snowy vests,
 And twine the dark-green leaves of victory.

SOLDIER.

Yet hear—the battle rag'd with fiercest fury,
 When on the plain we spied a Saxon warrior
 Who spurr'd his steed to reach the British camp,
 With him a woman fled—they quickly vanish'd,
 Conceal'd behind our tents—when tir'd with slaughter

Your golden axes fell.] An account of this ceremony is to be found in Pliny. Lib. 16.
 C. 44.

Our conquering chief return'd, his darling child
 Rush'd from the camp with breathless speed to meet him
 And clasp'd him in her arms. Fair Daura's charms
 Had won the Saxon chieftain's blooming son
 To bear her back to Starno's aching heart,
 And yield himself a willing captive with her.

DRUID.

This was beyond our hopes—but see, they come.

Enter Starno, Daura, and Kebric.

CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

Hail, Hefus, hail,
 By thee inspir'd,
 The warlike chieftain dauntless braves
 The finging spear and biting blade—
 Hail, Hefus, hail,
 I see thee climb
 Thy rattling car
 And drive the furious steeds

Amid the falling foe.
 Who dares to meet thy flaming eyes?
 Who dares to wait thy gleaming steel,
 The thunder-bolt of war?
 Death hovers round thy stately crest
 And shining shield,
 While pale eye'd Fear bestrides the blast
 And fails before thy car.

Raise aloft, Andate, raise
 Thy golden shield—
 Loudly strike its echoing orb
 And wake the sound of victory—
 From the purple field it comes
 To pierce our holy groves—
 Rude it rushes thro' the shades,
 The roaring rocks return
 The joyful noise—

Andate raise.] Andate was the goddess of victory.

The warrior hears—he shouts aloud
And clangs his founding arms.

STARNO.

Ye venerable men, nor shouts of conquest,
Nor fond endearments of a long-lost child,
Revive my fainting soul—in secret horror
My shuddering mind revolves the bloody vow
These hallow'd groves have heard—that bloody vow
Which calls aloud to pierce a generous heart
On Hesus' holy altar—we'll ye know
We solemnly devoted to the god
The noblest captive that return'd with Starno.

DAURA.

The noblest captive?—

DRUID.

Yes, lady, and the god demands his victim,
Our prayers were heard, he rais'd the arm of conquest.

DAURA.

My tortur'd mind beholds the rising storm
Which hastes to overwhelm me. Father, father,
Why do you cast your mournful eyes on Kelric?
Is he the noblest captive?—Horror—horror—
Away, away, who dares to touch my Kelric?
Who dares to touch that Kelric who restor'd
His long-lost daughter to her father's arms?
That Kelric who entic'd by Daura's words
Has quitted all for her?

DRUID.

Fair lady, peace,
Nor dare to thwart the dread decrees of heav'n;
Hefus demands the blood of Kelric.—

KELRIC.

Then let him glut his savage soul with blood,
The victim cannot 'scape. The time was once
When warlike Kelric would have smil'd at death;

Oft have I rush'd amid th' embattled host,
Nor fear'd the deadly dart, but now my foul
Shrinks back with horror from the fatal sword
Which tears me from my love.

DAURA.

No, Kelric, no—
Thou shalt not bleed—who urg'd thy hasty steps
To seek the Briton's camp? who won thy mind
To scorn the dearest ties of friends and country?
Who spurr'd thee on to death? 'twas Daura's self,
'Twas Daura's soothing accents led her Kelric
To these detested groves—why sleep thy gods?
Why does the lightning linger to destroy
This cursed shrine? Arise, ye bloody priests,
Here plunge the holy knife and pour my blood
To please the fullen god—save, save my Kelric.

STARNO.

Now angry heaven has shower'd its keenest wrath
On Starno's head—'Twas misery enough

To wander weeping for a daughter lost,
 Thus to receive her, thus in Kelric's heart
 To plunge the steel, and with one fatal stroke
 To pierce the lover's and the daughter's bosom,
 Is more than Starno's sinking soul can bear ;
 Why, Hefus, did the hissing dart avoid
 This wretched breast ? why didst thou turn the spear
 From Starno's side ? Had Saxons overwhelm'd me
 And stain'd their gleaming steel with aged blood,
 Then had I died with glory in the battle,
 Nor felt the piercing grief which tears my soul.

DRUID.

We see, with pity see, the cruel pangs
 Which rack the soul of Daura, and thy woes,
 O chief, are great ; the blooming strength of Kelric,
 Untimely sinking to the grave, extorts
 The heart-felt sigh—yet warlike Hefus calls
 To lead the victim to his sacred altar
 And asks the promis'd blood—

STARNO.

My child, my child,

The dews of death are o'er her—see, she faints,

Retire, my Daura, deadly sorrow shakes

Thy tender form—and you, ye sacred men,

Prepare the holy rites, and wait our presence.

[*Starno and Kelric go off.*]

CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

God of the shining day,

Whose golden locks

In splendor wave

And scatter liquid light,

Belinus, in yon radiant path,

Did e'er thy piercing eye behold

A scene of blacker woe?

Yet let not mortal voice accuse

The dread decrees of Fate,

And ask the angry thunder why it howls,

Belinus, in thy radiant.] Belinus was the Celtic deity of the sun.

Nor vainly dare with impious hand
To thwart the lightning's course.

Aloft on pitchy clouds
Teutates rides,
And aims his fatal shaft,
They who fearless stemm'd
The rapid flood of war,
Before him bow their crested pride
And drop the tined spear;
They whose swelling souls
Exult with thrilling joy
Before him bend their lofty head
And keener feel his dart—
Resistless power,
Avert thy wrath
From Britain's shore,
Sink in thy sable clouds,
And wing the fearful storm
To other climes.

Teutates rides.] Teutates was a malicious god of the Celts, to whom they sacrificed human victims.

END OF ACT I.

[100]

ACT II.

Druids—to them enter Starno leading Kelric.

STARNO.

YE venerable men, with grief I lead
The blooming victim to the unhewn altar—
Is all prepared?

DRUID.

It is, the white rob'd priests
With golden sickles in their aged hands
Have cut the mistletoe ; the chaste-ey'd maids
Have gather'd from the wood the sacred vervain,
And with bent knees on Hefus' altar laid it ;

The white rob'd priests.] See Drayton's Polyolbion. Ninth Song.

Around the pile is clos'd the mystic ring
Of virgins, priests, and vigorous warriors.

DAURA. (*Entering.*)

Before the fatal knife has reach'd his heart,
I come to take a last farewell of Kelric—
Turn not, unhappy youth, the eyes of love
On Daura's curf'd form ; frown, frown my Kelric,
And blast me with thy looks—it will not be—
Why does my wretched spirit linger yet,
Nor cease to animate these limbs?—away,
Haste to the floating clouds, and rush with speed
To meet the ghost of Kelric.

KELRIC.

Daura, Daura—

My firm nerves shake again, thy much lov'd voice
Again unmans me, that all-beauteous form
Adds double horror to the deadly blow—
Why dost thou come to melt my aching breast

D d

And sink my sickly soul? Farewell, my love,
Remember Kelric, let his mournful image
Cleave to thy heart, and when the shades of death
Shall dim those tearful eyes, then haste with joy
To meet his fond embrace in halls of bliss.

DAURA.

Hark—'tis a horrid voice which shrieks—it cries
Who murder'd Kelric?—Daura, wretched Daura
Has pierc'd her lover's heart—enough—enough—
I go—farewell—we soon shall meet, my love—
Again it cries—Daura has murder'd Kelric—
Hence, hated found—
See, see a ghastly vision rises on me,
He bleeds, he bleeds—I mark his waving hand—
I come—I come—

[Goes out.]

DRUID.

Begin the rites—

Nine Druids Advance.

CHORUS.

Loudly strike the golden harp,

While Echo from a thousand rocks

Repeats the solemn strains—

Haste, haste, thou dreadful god

And hover on the blast

Which bows the rustling wood

Around thy shrine—

Haste and quit the field of spears,

In blood-stain'd arms attend

Our holy rites.

When on the mountain's side

The prowling wolf discerns

The bleating flock,

Swift, swift he springs to carnage,

And bathes his shaggy sides

In gushing blood.

When from its lofty height
 The famish'd vulture hears
 The dying groan,
 The dying groan revives
 His fainting heart,
 He stops his rapid flight
 And feasts his hungry eyes
 With human gore ;
 Thus does the warlike god delight
 To view the purple flood,
 And grateful to his ears
 The shrieks of slaughter swell,
 But most he joys when white-rob'd priests
 His holy altar throng,
 And to its sacred fide
 The trembling captive drag.
 Then let us lift the fatal knife
 And in the victim's blood
 Its shining point embrue,

Nine Warriors advance.

CHORUS.

Raise the purple banners high,
 Rear aloft the massy shield
 And shake the shining spear.
 Hefus spies the gleam of arms
 And hastes to join the fight ;
 Now he fires the warrior's soul
 And speeds his hissing dart ;
 Now he throws his brazen shield
 Around his favour'd hero's breast,
 And blunts the deadly steel—
 Long may his desolating arm
 Attend the British host ;
 Long may the Saxon fear his rage
 And view with ghastly look
 The lightning of his eye ;
 Then lift, ye priests, the fatal knife,

And in the victim's blood
Its shining point imbrue.

Nine Virgins advance.

CHORUS.

Awake the tuneful voice,
And call with soothing sounds
The god of war.

See in the glittering ranks
A father stands,
He lifts his trembling arm
To save his child—
Rise, Hefus, rise,
And cast thy full-orb'd shield
Around his aged limbs—
Nor let his silver hair
Be stain'd with blood.

See in the glittering ranks

A husband stands,
 His fair wife moans
 Her absent lord.
 Now to her breast she clasps
 Her blooming boy,
 Now gazes on his lovely limbs,
 And in his infant features sees
 The father's face,
 Quick starts the gushing tear
 And mingles with her smiles;
 Rise, Hefus, rise,
 And cast thy full-orb'd shield
 Around the warrior's breast,
 Turn from his side the deadly dart
 And send him back with victory.

See in the glittering ranks
 A lover stands;
 The mournful maid he loves
 With fullen step retires
 To thickest shades,

There with her absent warrior's form
 She feasts her gloomy soul—
 Now she sees his manly frame
 Extended on the purple plain,
 She shrieks aloud and starting flies
 The horrid image fancy rais'd—
 Now in the passing gale
 She hears his conquering tread,
 And hastes to twine the oaken wreath
 To deck her lover's brow—
 Joy sparkles in her eyes,
 But yet one lingering tear descends
 And dews the shining leaves—
 Rife, Hefus, rife,
 And cast thy full-orb'd shield
 Around her warrior's heart,
 Turn from his side the deadly dart
 And send him back with victory.
 And you, ye holy priests,
 Uplift the fatal knife,

And in the victim's blood
Its shining point imbrue.

STARNO.

Hail, Hefus, hail,
To thee we pour
The consecrated blood.

MESENTER. (*Entering in haste.*)

Stop, stop your holy rites, I come to tell
A melancholy tale—With hasty steps
Fair Daura left these shades, with hasty steps
She reach'd the castle walls and fought her chamber ;
Sudden her servants heard a dying groan
Which issued from the room—they rush'd to save her—
In vain they rush'd—her hands were stain'd with blood
And on her couch she lay a breathless corse.

[*Starno retires.*]

KELRIC. (*Snatching the knife from the altar.*)

Enough—she bled for me—I haste to join her—

[*Stabs himself.*]

Daura, we soon shall meet in halls of bliss,

We soon shall wander in Valhalla's groves

Where endless rapture gilds the passing hours—

Odin, receive my fainting soul, and ope

The doors of heaven—

[*Dies.*]

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Retire thou golden sun,

And shroud thy ruddy orb

In murky night,

Ye dreary shades resound

With horrid howlings,

Let the death-owl cry

And pierce the sacred wood

With doleful sounds,

For blooming Daura falls,

And Kelric's gulhing blood
 The green earth stains.—
 Mysterious Heav'n,
 Thy dark decrees
 No mortal eye can pierce ;
 Beneath the blushing rose ;
 The thorn is hid,
 Beneath the flowery bank
 The serpent lurks unseen,
 And joy's transporting draught
 Is dash'd with bitter woe.
 The azure sky is calm,
 The gale soft whispers in the peaceful air,
 The glassy lake reflects
 The verdant shrubs around—
 But soon the troubled air is gloom'd
 With pitchy clouds,
 The rushing blasts descend,
 The deep-ton'd thunder roars
 And lightnings hiss around,
 The angry spirit of the lake

Dashes his dark-blue waves
And rides in foam.

Thus in Daura's peaceful soul
The raging tempest rose,
It tore her tender form
And bow'd her gentle head.

THE END.